

G. WALTER MAPP. J. BROOKS MAPP
MAPP & MAPP.
Attorneys-at-Law.
Offices: Grangeville, Keller and
Accomac C. H.,
Practice in all courts on the Eastern
Shore of Virginia.

OTHO F. MEARS,
—Attorney-at-Law,—
Offices: Eastville, Northampton
County and Accomac Court House
Practices in all courts on the Eastern
Shore of Virginia.

JOHN S. PARSONS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Accomac Courthouse, Va.
Will practice in all courts of Accomac
and Northampton Counties.

S. JAMES TURLINGTON
Attorney-at-Law.
Offices—Accomac C. H. and Fair
Oaks, Va.
Practices in all the courts on the Eastern
Shore of Virginia.

JNO. R. and J. HARRY REW,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Offices—Accomac C. H. and Park-
ley. At Accomac C. H., every Wed-
nesday.
Will practice in all the courts on the
Eastern Shore of Virginia.

ROY D. WHITE,
—Attorney-at-Law,—
Offices: Parkley and Accomac C. H.
Practices in all courts of Accomac
and Northampton Counties.
Prompt attention to all business.

BEN T. GUNTER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
Will practice in all the courts of
Accomac and Northampton counties.

WARNER AMES,
—Attorney-at-Law,—
Offices: Accomac C. H. and Onancock.
At Accomac C. H. every Wednesday
and Friday.
Will practice in all the courts of
Accomac and Northampton counties.

JOHN E. NOTTINGHAM, JR.,
—Attorney-at-Law,—
Franktown, Va.
Practices in all the courts on the
Eastern Shore of Virginia.
Will be at Eastville and Accomac C.
H. first day of every court and at East-
ville every Wednesday.

L. FLOYD NOCK,
—Attorney-at-Law,—
Accomac C. H., Va.
Practices in all the courts on the
Eastern Shore of Virginia.

DR. H. D. LILLISTON,
DENTIST.
—Accomac Court House, Va.—
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Will
be at Parkley every Tuesday.

Dr. W. M. TURLINGTON
VETERINARIAN,
FAIR OAKS, VA.
Reference, past patrons.
Can be called by Phone day or
night.

W. G. EMMETT,
Notary
Public,
Belle Haven, Va.

FRED. E. RUEDIGER,
—COUNTY SURVEYOR,—
Accomac C. H., Va.
Thoroughly equipped with latest and
best instruments, offers his services to
be citizens of Accomac County.
Will meet all engagements promptly.

PAUL DEWEES,
Plumber,
Steam and Hot
Water Fitter,
Pocomoke City, Md.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
Agents for
WATERMAN'S
Ideal Fountain Pens.
STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.
Finest line of
STATIONERY
on Eastern Shore of Va.

Don't Let Winter
Make You Painful.
Use S. & H. Komo (an old reliable
cure-all remedy of reputation and
merit). It relieves and cures every-
thing in Rheumatic and Muscular
aches and pains, swelling and sore-
ness of the limbs, cracked hands and
feet, sores of all kinds.

For Man or Beast.
Sold Everywhere 25c.,
or mailed on receipt of price.
"We guarantee" the merits of
KOMO.
Special Prices to Dealers.
Manufactured by
S. & H. Mfg. Co.,
Baltimore, Md.

Farmers & Merchants National Bank, Onley, Va.

Statement of the Financial Condition
at the close of business Dec. 5,
1908.

Assets.	
Bills & Notes Discounted	\$206,263.83
Stocks & Bonds	42,396.80
Approved Reserve	22,409.73
Overdrafts	8.57
Furniture & Fixtures	50,000.00
U. S. Bonds	104,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	4,700.00
Banking House & Other	
Real Estate	6,275.76
Due From Banks	3,605.42
Redemption Fund	2,500.00
Cash	29,844.02
	\$415,466.56
Liabilities.	
Capital Stock	50,000.00
Surplus	8,000.00
Bank Deposits	48,992.49
Circulation	103.85
Cashier's Checks	103.85
Individual Deposits	205,904.79
Due To Banks	5,122.60
U. S. Deposits	45,000.00
Undivided Profits	2,342.83
	\$415,466.56

Report of Auditors to Examining
Committee.
Richmond, Va.,
December 10, 1908.

To the Examination Committee of
the Farmers & Merchants National
Bank of Onley, Va:

Gentlemen:
We have verified the attached state-
ments showing the financial condi-
tion of the bank at the close of busi-
ness December 5th, 1908, and hereby
certify that they are correct.
The asset of cash we have proven
by an actual count of the funds in the
vault, the bills receivable have been
listed by us in the presence of the
members of your committee, the re-
serves are verified by account cur-
rents from the various banks, and all
other assets are verified by proper en-
quiries upon the ledger.

The liabilities we have proven by
the writing up of the majority of the
pass books and the comparison of the
account current from other banks,
and also by the addition of the led-
gers and a complete audit of all ac-
counts.

The general conduct of the business
has been such as to commend itself
to any one desiring a safe depository
for their funds and the accounting
system in vogue is the equal of the
largest of our banks of the State.

This is the third examination we
have made of your institution and we
find the affairs in such fine condition
that we have no suggestions for any
changes.

The officials having charge of the
funds have full accounted for all mon-
ies passing through their hands.
Respectfully submitted,
H. B. Boudar & Son.

Report of Examining Committee to
Board of Directors.
To the Board of Directors, Farmers
& Merchants National Bank,
Onley, Va.

Gentlemen:
We beg to advise you that since the
last meeting of your Board we have
secured the services of Messrs. H. B.
Boudar & Son, Public Accountants of
Richmond, Va., to audit all of the
Bank's accounts. Three members of
your Committee were present and
they went over each bond with Mr.
Boudar and also counted the cash.

We herewith hand you a copy of
their financial statement and their re-
port which is very gratifying indeed
to your Committee, and we are sure
it will be equally so to the Board of
Directors. The examination and re-
port certainly reflects great credit
upon the active officials of the Bank.

Respectfully submitted,
W. A. Burton, Chairman,
A. J. McMath,
Jno. W. Rogers,
Examining Committee.

Carriage Emporium NOW OPEN AT BELLE HAVEN, VA., —With a Fine Line of—

Top Buggies,
Surreys,
Phaetons,
Runabouts,
Speed Carts,
Single and
Double Wagons,
for sale by the undersigned at the
lowest margin of profit. The vehi-
cles are all of best make and prices
right. Call and see them and get my
prices.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. ABDELL,
Belle Haven, Va.

CARRIAGES.

I carry the most complete
line of up-to-date first-class
vehicles on the Shore. Every
buggy is guaranteed by each
of the different factories
who build them for me.

Call and examine them at
my place over F. A. West's
hardware store.

E. O. F. Custis, - Onancock, Va.

White Hotel and Livery.
Capt. Wm. T. Mister,
Proprietor Hotel.

Harry T. White & Son,
Proprietor of Livery.

Hay and feed dealers—Wholesale
Grocers and Brokers and Mfrs. agents
Harry T. White & Son,
Baltimore, Md.

January Christmas of the Julianites

By ROBERT DONNELL.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Asso-
ciation.]

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a
year," wrote somebody, and
everybody accepted the state-
ment as truth. It is not true,
however, for Christmas comes twice a
year. Those of us who reckon by the
Gregorian calendar celebrate Dec. 25.
Those who still adhere to the Julian
calendar observe Jan. 7. Russia is the
only great nation which still holds out
for the Julian calendar. The Greek
Catholic church sticks to the time
measurement adopted by Julius Caesar
forty-six years before the birth of
Christ. Thus the Greeks and all the
adherents of that church, including
the Russians, of course, hold their
Christmas on the
7th day of Janu-
ary.

In the city of
New York both
Christmas days
are celebrated.
The January
date, as a matter
of course, is ob-
served by com-
paratively few
persons, but it is
observed rigidly,
elaborately and
faithfully by
those who desire to render unto Caesar
that which is Caesar's even as to the
calendar.

New York city has a considerable
population of Greeks, Russians, Ar-
menians, Syrians, Servians, Poles, Bul-
garians, Montenegrins and Vlachs, all
of whom observe the Julianic Christ-
mas. For forty days prior to Jan. 7,
they observe a fast, eating no meat,
neither beast, fish nor fowl. They eat
fish eggs or caviare, but draw the line
there. Their principal diet for the forty
days fasting is made up of olives,
beans, caviare bread and crackers.

But at 6 o'clock on the morning of
Christmas day, Jan. 7, the Julianist
fast is over. It is not necessary to
hint that these people count the days
till Christmas or that they rejoice and
are exceedingly glad when the univer-
sary arrives. These facts are obvious.
Christmas means for them a glorious
feast, a square meal, several square
meals—in fact, a round of square meals.

Our Julianist friends go to church
early on their Christmas morning, but
not too early. They eat breakfast
first. High mass is celebrated in the
Greek Orthodox church at 8 o'clock.
The forty days' fast having ended two
hours before, the Julianists are joy-
fully full of the good things of this
world before they enter the house of
worship. The chief vanguard, so far as
its symbolic character goes, is a
spiced loaf of rye bread covered and
filled with walnuts, with a cross cut
on top. This is called the Christop-
soma—"bread of the Christ." But it
is not to be doubted that beefsteaks,
fowls, fishes, saddles of mutton and
other substantial are devoured. Here
and there one of the presumably faith-
ful proves faithless and falls before
Christmas, his craving for a meat diet
being too strong to resist. This weak
brother is ignored by the faithful.

It is in the cafes in the sections of
the city where the Julianists dwell
that this Christmas day is celebrated
with the most visible gusto. The Greek
"young bloods" gather in the little
restaurants and sit long over tables heavy
with edibles and light with wines.

"I like to see you," she said, "but I must
ask Nana. I must always ask Nana
first," she added, with dutiful empha-
sis, "for I do adore her."
She laid her hand on the gloved fin-
gers of the nurse as she spoke, and the
woman opened her eyes, shot a quick
glance at the man and nodded. She
had not been asleep, Dr. Van Valken-
berg rose and lifted his visitor to the
seat beside him, where her short legs
stuck out in unbecoming rigidity.

"I can take care of you," she said
brightly. "I took care of mamma a
great deal, and I gave her her med-
icine."

"Very well," he said, with the smile
wore love; "if you really are going
to take care of me I must know your
name. You see," he explained, "I
might need you in the night to get me
a glass of water or something. Just
think how disappointing it would be
if I should call you by the wrong name
and some other little girl came!"

"You say funny things," she said
contentedly. "But there isn't any other
little girl in the car. I looked soon as
I came in, 'cos I wanted one to play
with. I like little girls. I like little
boys, too," she added, with innocent
expansiveness.

"Then we'll play I'm a little boy.
You'd never believe it, but I used to
be. You haven't told me your name."
"Hope," she said promptly. "Do you
think it is a nice name?" She made
the inquiry with anxious interest.

"I think Hope is the nicest name I
ever heard of," he said, with a smile.
"The nicest little girl I ever
knew was named Katharine. She grew
to be a nice big girl, too, and has little
girls of her own now, no doubt," he
added, half to himself.

"Were you a little boy when she was
a little girl?" asked his visitor.
"Oh, no; I was a big man, just as I
am now. Her father was my friend.
It is highly interesting for a plain
American, with a plain name like Jim
Jones, to sit in one of the foreign gen-
tleman with the seven jointed sur-
names, observe the satisfaction depicted
in their countenances as the feast goes
on and receive the impression that this
is real Christmas cheer, though it is
thirteen days late according to our
method of counting time.

The Brakeman's Advice.
Down in Maine is a town called
Burnham, situated on a small branch
railroad that joins the main line at
Burnham Junction. One day as the
train approached the latter place the
brakeman entered the car and in his
usual stentorian tones went through
his regular rignarole when a station
and junction are reached.
"Burnham Junction! Change cars for
Burnham! Leave no articles in the
cars!"

Three Cheers For Dear Old, Queer Old Santa Claus

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Asso-
ciation.]

THE Chicago Limited was pulling
out of the Grand Central sta-
tion in New York as Dr. Henry
Van Valkenberg submitted his
ticket to the gatekeeper. He dashed
through, pushing that indignant offi-
cial to one side, made a leap for the
railing of the last car of the train,
and a friendly brakeman dragged him
on board. Dr. Van Valkenberg
smiled a little ruefully as he thanked
the man and rubbed the aching sur-
face of his hand. Then he pulled him-
self together, picked up the books and
newspapers he had dropped and which
the bystanders had enthusiastically
hurled after him and sought his
haven in the sleeping car.

"O-h!" he said, a voice behind him.
"You hurt?" he said.
"I was so 'frayed you were
going to fall." Dr. Van Valken-
berg, who was a tall man of
sixty, turned and looked down
from his great height. At his
feet stood a baby. At least
she seemed a baby to him, al-
though she was very dignified
and wholly self-possessed and
fully four years old. She was looking
up at him with dark brown eyes and
was so delicious in her almost maternal
solitude that he smiled irrespressibly.

"Why, no, thank you," he said. "I
am not hurt. Didn't you see the kind
man help me on to the car?"
"I'm very glad," she said, with dig-
nity. "It was fraid he hurt you." She
turned as she spoke and toddled into
the section opposite his, where a plain
but kindly faced elderly woman sat.

"Won't you come over and visit me?"
he asked. "I am very lonely, and I
have no one to take care of me."
She slid off the seat at once, with
great alacrity.

"I'd like to," she said, "but I must
ask Nana. I must always ask Nana
first," she added, with dutiful empha-
sis, "for I do adore her."
She laid her hand on the gloved fin-
gers of the nurse as she spoke, and the
woman opened her eyes, shot a quick
glance at the man and nodded. She
had not been asleep, Dr. Van Valken-
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seat beside him, where her short legs
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"I can take care of you," she said
brightly. "I took care of mamma a
great deal, and I gave her her med-
icine."

"Very well," he said, with the smile
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When Santa Came to Cactus Gulch

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

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ciation.]

WHEN Santa came to Cactus
wuz not expectin' him.
Our almanac connections
bein' broken off complete.
In fact, with us the trail o' time had
got so mortal dim
We only knowed 'twuz winter by the
absence o' the heat.

Says I to Pinky Perkins, with a squint
at Desert Dan—
Says I: "We'd better hustle for a lit-
tle extra feed.
It's 'long about Thanksgiving'!" "W'y,"
he says, "I'll bet you, win or bust."
I'll bet it's nearer New Year's, for
the old one's gone to seed."

We argued it an' argued it till Desert
Dan put up
His canvas bag o' nuggets an' a pint
o' yaller dust
He's spent the
year collectin'
in his pewter
drinkin' cup.
"It's Christmas
in a week,"
he says, "I'll
bet you, win
or bust!"

I still maintained
Thanksgivin'
wuz about the
proper date,
As judgin' by
my appetite,
an' Pinky still
declared
That New Year's
wuz the blow-
out that wuz
next upon the
slate.
But Desert waved his nugget bag
an' dared an' dared an' dared.

"See here," says Desert, "I can feel the
season in my bones;
I sense a sort o' hankerin' for days
of old long sign,
When I wuz back in Jersey an' my
name wuz Daniel Jones;
I'm lonesome as the soldier wuz at
Bingen-on-the-Rhine."

Then Desert up an' tells us what he's
never said before—
As how he had a cottage an' a wo-
man an' a kid;
But, some misanderstandin' havin'
made his sperit sore,
Nigh on to twenty years ago he sim-
ply up and slid.

I looked at Pinky Perkins then, an'
Pinky looked at me,
But both of us wuz silent, an' we
looked at Desert Dan,
But he wuz sizzlin' hacon for a supper
feed for three,
An', shore as I'm a sinner, there wuz
teardrops in the pan!

That night we set an' hugged the
stove, while all around the shack
A desert blizzard whistled an' the
snow wuz whirlin' thick.
It shore wuz Christmas weather, but
there shore wuz a lack
Of anything suggestin' o' our ancient
friend St. Nick.

The door bust open sudden-like, an',
stranger, dog my cat!
If there ain't Santa Claus hisself, in
fur an' robe complete,

"IF THERE AIN'T SANTI CLAUS HISSELF,"
With snow a-clingin' funny to his or-
tomobile hat,
As swell a Santy makeup, sir, as
anywhere you'll meet.

But when he turned his bearskin down
his whiskers fell away
(It wuzn't anything but snow collect-
ed on the fur),
An' back of him an angel stood—yes,
angel's what I say—
An' Desert Dan got wobbly when he
up an' looked at her.

Young Santy says, "Is Mr. Jones at
home tonight?" says he,
At which old Desert gives a gasp,
but struggles to his feet.
Then me an' Pinky we vamoose in
honor of the three,
For if they wuzn't Joneses you can
douse my gimel complete!

That's all the story, stranger, but I'm
some inclined to add
When Santy come to Cactus with his
mother, which he did,
It clean upset the notions we had al-
ways previous had.
For daddy got the Christmas gift,
and Santy wuz the kid!

When Santa Came to Cactus Gulch

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